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No. 55.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

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FIFTEEN YEARS

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DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

A MELODRAMA,

In Three Acts,

B Y

DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND IMPROVED.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, PROPERTY PLOTS, ETC.

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 1 CHAMBERS STREET.

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FIFTEEN YEARS OF A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

London Theatres. Burton's Theatre, N. Y.

VERNON.....	Mr. Cobham.	Mr. G. Jordan.
GLANVILLE.....	" Gann.	" Dyott.
FRANKLIN.....	" Wynne.	" Bland.
DOGROSE.....	" Sloman.	" Johnstone.
COPSEWOOD.....	" H. Williams.	" Burton.
JUNIPER.....	" Mortimer.	_____
POUNCE.....	" Worrell.	_____
WINGBIRD.....	" E. L. Lewis.	_____
BUTTS, (<i>Servant.</i>).....	" Porteus.	_____
BANKER'S CLERK.....	_____	_____
LANDLORD.....	_____	_____
PICKLOCK.....	" Elsgood.	_____
FIRST THIEF.....	_____	_____
ALICIA	Miss Watson.	Mrs. Russell.
MISS VERNON.....	Mrs. Lewis.	_____
ISABELLA.....	" Congreve.	_____
PATTY.....	Miss Tomlinson.	_____

Lady and Gentlemen Visitors, Bailiffs, Robbers, Villagers, &c., &c.

Time of Representation.—Two Hours and a Half.

SCENE.—England.

COSTUMES.

VERNON.—*First dress:* A riding costume. *Second dress:* Full modern dress.
Third dress: Suit of black. *Fourth dress:* A dress of mere rags.

GLANVILLE.—*First and second dress:* Modern dress.

FRANKLIN.—The same.

DOGROSE.—*First and second dress:* A livery.

COPSEWOOD.—*First dress:* That of a farmer. *Second dress:* That of a poor peasant. *Third dress:* Gray ragged jacket and breeches.

JUNIPER.—*First and second dress:* That of a poor peasant.

POUNCE.—Suit of black.

WINGBIRD.—That of a sportsman.

BUTTS.—Livery.

BANKER'S CLERK.—Walking suit.

LANDLORD.—Coat, breeches and apron.
PICKLOCK.—Jacket and breeches.
ALICIA.—*First dress:* Morning gown. *Second dress:* Brown gown. *Third dress:* Black.
MISS VERNON.—White frock.
ISABELLA.—The same.
PATTY.—Dress of a rustic girl.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sofa, l. Table, with cover, and chairs r. Long muslin curtains to window c. Two candles, burnt down to the sockets. Riding whip.

SCENE II.—Loaded gun.

SCENE III.—Furniture same as in Scene I. Salver with card on it for Servant to bring on s.e.r. Decanter, wine glass and goblet at wing, s.e.r., the wine glass to break. Banker's check. Several deeds and papers, accounts, &c. Large bunch of keys.

SCENE IV.—Brandy flask.

SCENE V.—Handsome furniture—sofas, tables, chairs. Colored lamps lighted and fixed over the Scene and grounds beyond. Decanters of wine, dessert, and wine glasses on table r. Masks for Characters Dominos for the same. Bag of money. Pistols.

Five years elapse between the first and second acts—change costumes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Plain table, with cover, l. Chairs. An easel, with a small picture on it, r. Colors, brushes, &c. Purse.

SCENE II.—Stick.

SCENE III.—Tables, with covers, r. and l. Four chairs, with covers. Bottle of spirits. Three glasses. Spirit flask.

SCENE IV.—Chair behind door in flat, r. Decanter of brandy and two glasses behind flat, l.

SCENE V.—A dagger knife. Pistol to fire. Pocket-book.

Ten years elapse between the second and third acts—change costumes.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Peddler's pack. Flask. Wine. Tin money.

SCENE II.—Inn tables r. and l. Rustic chairs. Drinking horns on table. Pipes, &c.

SCENE III.—Basket of wine. Brandy flask. Straw off wing l. Gimlet.

SCENE IV.—Two bottles. Loaded pistol. Dagger.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L., means first entrance left. R., first entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. S.E.R., second entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. C., centre. L.C., left of centre. R.C., right of centre. C.L., centre towards left. C.R., centre towards right. D.F., door in flat. L.F., left of flat. R.F., right of flat. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Drawing Room in VERNON's House. Door S.E.R. French window, c., backed by garden. Sea and shipping in the background. The candles in the sockets. Time, morning, lights half down.*

Dogrose discovered lying asleep on the sofa, L.—knocking without.

Enter FRANKLIN, S.E.R.

Franklin. What! no one stirring yet, and broad day? (*Seeing Dogrose, L.*) Why the knave is asleep. (*Shaking him.*) Rouse up, you lazy rascal! rouse yourself!

Dogrose. (*Waking.*) Yes, sir—yes, sir—coming! here's your slippers, sir—and here's your dressing-gown—and here's—(*Jumping off sofa*)—la, bless me! I beg your pardon, sir—I thought it was my master.

Frank. It is well for you that I am not, I take it. He would not be pleased to find his servants sleeping.

Dog. (L.) Seeping! ah, sir—I have watched all the night like a wiser over his money-chest—my ears have been pricked up like a terrier's for the thunder of the knocker. Night after night, I waste myself away to the light of two mould candles—and what's the return? If my master goes on thus, he must get a lynx to watch for him—I'll sit up no longer.

Frank. (R.) What! is Vernon out?

Dog. The—the old game, sir. The bottle—the bottle. (*Sighs.*)

Frank. Mad, infatuated young man! so faithfully as he promised to reform.

Dog. Promised! bless you, sir, I've heard him renounce wine a hundred times a day—but then it has been between as many glasses. He never takes an oath but he settles it with a bumper.

Frank. Some desperate effort must yet be made to save him.

Dog. I know but one, sir—destroy all the vineyards—demolish all the distillers, and cry down the trade of brewer as wicked and unlawful.

(Knock without, R.)

Frank. Eh! who comes here—Vernon's attorney? (Looking R.)

Dog. Yes, sir, it is the attorney Pounce.

Enter POUNCE, S.E.R.

Pounce. Good morning, Mr. Franklin. (Crosses to C.) Dogrose, is your master stirring?

Dog. (L.) Stirring? No, sir, I dare say he's pretty quiet by this time.

Pounce. Quiet! bless me! What! not dead?

Dog. (Aside.) No! unless it is that he's dead drunk.

Frank. (R.) Not defunct in law, Mr. Pounce—but what business have you with Mr. Vernon?

Pounce. Pardon me, an attorney is always conscience-keeper to his clients.

Frank. When men trust their consciences to such keepers, is it to be wondered at, if they are returned soiled? Now mark me, Mr. Pounce, I have my suspicions.

Pounce. Suspicions? I'm a lawyer, sir, and snap my fingers at them. I've lived in the teeth of suspicion all my life. (Snaps his fingers.) Pooh!

Frank. Aye, so long; that suspicion has had time to grow into proof.

Pounce. This is scandal, sir. Dogrose, you're a witness, you heard all this?

Dog. Not a syllable. When your character is the subject of conversation I stop my ears.

Pounce. Why?

Dog. I've a natural aversion to bad language; and when your reputation comes out, I know what must follow.

Vernon. (Without, C.) Hallo there! Dogrose! William! Mary!

Dog. There's my master!

VERNON *rushes in, dressed as if he had been riding, a whip in his hand, his clothes covered with mud, and his whole appearance indicating the dissoluteness of the past night, from C. window.*

Ver. (Yet laboring under the effects of intoxication.) So—at home at last. (Throws himself on sofa, L.)

Pounce. (With the greatest servility.) Good morning, Mr. Vernon—(Crosses to sofa, L.)—shall I take your whip?

Ver. (*Cutting him with it.*) Yes, take it—now you've got it—much obliged for your politeness. Now I see your ink and parchment countenance, I remember I've some business with you—go into the library—don't think I'm drunk—no, no—I can sign my name with a flourish—with a flourish—F. Vernon—F.—F.—

(*Relapsing into insensibility, he stands listlessly tracing his name upon the stage with the handle of his whip.*)

Pounce. (*Chuckles aside, crosses to r.*) He's in an excellent condition—I have the papers already drawn up, and his signature will secure all. (Exit s.e.r.)

Dog. (*Carefully approaching VERNON, l.c.*) Master!

Ver. Dogrose—eh! why haven't you caught her? Oh, I'd forgot!—ha! ha! I hadn't told you—just as I got up to the door, I slid off the saddle, and the mare set away at full gallop. Go! Here! Catch the whip, (*throws the whip, which DOGROSE catches*) then catch her. There, don't think I'm intoxicated. (*Aside.*) Only drunk—dead drunk. (Falls on sofa—exit DOGROSE, s.e.r.)

Frank. (*L.C.*) Vernon!

Ver. (*L.*) Franklin! my old monitor—now no sermons—I've my pocketbook full of scraps in favor of sobriety—I always read them over my wine. Now don't talk, for I know what you're going to say.

Frank. Nothing—I fear me you are past the cure of lectures.

Ver. Lectures! Franklin, you've no heart for generous wine! Now there was last night, honest Tim Glanville, Brightly, myself and others—how much do you think we murdered? Guess! You can't—you haven't imagination enough. A cool two dozen, old boy. (*Slaps him on the shoulder.*) We four gentlemen sat down to two dozen.

Frank. Pray as you sat down as gentlemen, under what characters did you arise?

Ver. (*Laughs.*) What that to you? But it's all over—I shall reform—I shall give it up—it will ruin my constitution—and my wife Alicia too--yes, I must give it up—give 'em both up—hic. I said so at the conclusion of the fifth bottle—said I, gentlemen, this is too bad, I'm afraid we're getting drunk—but this is the last; to be sure we had another, but I shall give it up. (*Sits on the sofa.*) I shall give it—how my throat's parched—I must have one glass more.

Frank. One more, when you have this instant forsworn wine?

Ver. Yes, that is, wine as wine—but this—this I take as medicine. One more glass to put me right for the morning. Here, Dogrose! (*Calls r.*) Dogrose!

Enter DOGROSE, S.E.R.

Dog. Sir! what is it?

Ver. A bumper of Burgundy, quick?

Dog. Yes, sir, directly.

Frank. Dogrose, stay! (*DOGROSE stops.*) Stay where you are.

Ver. (*Angry.*) What! have I no command in my own house? The Burgundy! Isn't he my domestic? Am I not his master? Haven't I a right—

Frank. No! what right have you to put a livery upon your fellow-man, and call him servant, when you are the most abject slave to your own passions, and would like to make him a lackey to your vile despotism?

Ver. (*Chuckles.*) Ah, yes, you are a good fellow—you mean well—but I must have the Burgundy; now let him get me one glass. Go, go, Mr. Franklin will let you get me one glass—only one glass. No wine—medicine—one glass of medicine—only one—only one!

(*Falls into a stupor on the sofa, l.—FRANKLIN and DOGROSE attending him. Music, and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*View of the Country. Front landscape in second grooves.*

Enter WINGBIRD, with a gun, followed by JUNIPER. R.

Wingbird. (l.c.) Go away, go away, my good man, I can do very well without you.

Juniper. (R.C.) What! and you won't give me so much as a groat for showing you where the game lies; not a groat to get my morning's whet?

Wing. Whet, fellow! drinking thus early and the sun hardly up?

Jun. Yes, I know that, but I like to get beforehand with my work. (With cap in hand.) Now a groat, your honor.

Wing. Not a farthing; call and see me in the evening.

Jun. See you in the evening! What do you take me for? I have never been able to see anybody after twelve o'clock at noon for these three years. You won't give me anything? Well, never mind; I'll mortify myself and keep sober for these two hours; I'll—I'll— (Snatches a handkerchief from WINGBIRD's pocket—speaks aside.) This will bear a glass—one glass, or the devil's in it; some people would say this is a robbery, I call it a loan. (Chuckles aside.)

Wing. What are you muttering about?

Jun. Preaching patience to my throat, your honor. And now to Master Kilderkin, at the Nag's Head. (Exit R.)

Wing. Well, here I am—my first appearance with a gun. I see no game yet. (Looks off L.) Eh! yes, there's something very like a partridge—no it's a turkey. Ah! there's certainly a cock pheasant through the trees—no, it's ribbons in the hat of a recruiting sergeant. There's a black cat sleeping among that straw; nobody's near—for want of better sport I'll just see how a cat carries swan-shot.

(Presents his piece and fires off stage, r.)

COPSEWOOD jumps on from S.E.R.

Copse. (L.C.) Eh ! hallo !

(*Sluggers over to L.*

Wing. (a.c.) What ! a man ! Bless me, sir, you are not killed ?

Copse. Killed ! What ! by such a marksman as you ? (Laughs.) Why, you wouldn't hit a goose at a yard distant.

Wing. (Aside.) So it should seem, for I have just fired at one.

(Aloud.) But I say, you are sure you have no shots in you?—shake yourself ! Bless me, I hope I haven't carried part of your coat and waistcoat away ?

Copse. (Whose clothes are torn to tatters and bedaubed with mud.) No, no, I recollect it all now.

Wing. Excuse me, my friend, but there looks something like four in the morning written about your clothes ; you don't look like one who put his night-cap on at nine o'clock last night.

Copse. Night-cap ! No, the truth is, I did take a little ; I sold my corn well at the market, and so for luck's sake I—I—you understand. The night was confoundedly dark, and so I thought I'd sit it out till morning ; when the morning came, egad, I was dark ; I thought I'd crawled into bed, but there, you see, was my sleeping chamber on yonder straw rick (Pointing off, s.e.l.)

Wing. Yes, very pretty furnished lodging for single gentlemen.

Copse. You are come, sir, I presume, for the sporting season ?

Wing. Yes, I've been taking lessens in town on purpose. I can bring down anything.

Copse. Can you ? I wish you'd bring down the taxes. But for lessons—where did you take lessons ?

Wing. Why, at the hair-trigger academy—rudiments of duelling displayed on scientific principles. There are two or three schools of the kind in London, where young gentlemen are taught to bring down sixpences at forty paces, preparatory to shooting their bosom friends at six.

Copse. A pretty amusement ! Now hadn't such sparks better imitate the example of Tom Copsewood and his companions, who never have but the distance of a well-filled table between them ; and as for firing at one another, why so they do—but it's with bumpers, sparkling bumpers ; and though half be killed and wounded at night, why they are hale and hearty in the morning. Hang it, if ever I'd a quarrel with a man, why I'd drink it out with him—and he that was first under the table should own himself to be in the wrong. What say you, master ? Eh ! I feel a little staggered or so ; but my morning's draught will set all right again. Will you step into the farm ?

Wing. No, I'm losing time ; I must away, for I've not had a single shot. I'll just go over by yonder hill.

Copse. Don't—you'll get into old Springley's grounds ; he'll be sure to cross you somehow or other.

Wing. An old hunk, eh ?

Copse. Hunks! I'll give you his character in a word—he drinks nothing but water—his neighbors can't rest for the going of the pomp; he's a terrible old dog. Now you may shoot anything upon my grounds; and harkye, If you can't find anything else, why there's a sow and a litter of thirteen pigs in the yard; damme, you shall have a shot at all of them.

Wing. You are very good—(*laughs and crosses to L.*)—so if I find the covers unproductive, depend upon it I'll return to the pig-sty.

(*Exit L.*

Copse. That's a good fellow—for I know he likes a glass—I can see three times three in his countenance. A glass—aye, a glass as the song says:

Song introduced.—“A glass is good and a lass is good.”

(*At end of song he retires R.*

Enter Party, from the farm, S.E.L.

Patty. Wherē can my silly brother—oh, there he stands—as usual. (*Going up to him and slapping him on shoulder.*) Thomas, Thomas!

Copse. (*Seeing her.*) Patty! Oh, what, it's you, sister, is it?

(*Comes down R.C.*

Patty. (*L.C.*) Is it you, brother?

Copse. Why, to be sure it is; don't you know me?

Patty. How can you expect me, when you thus forget yourself?

Copse. None of your short replies, Patty. You stick you answers like bodkins into me.

Patty. Where have you been all night?

Copse. What's that to you? Mind your churning and your poultry, and don't interfere with the affairs of men; no petticoat sermons.

Patty. Oh, Thomas, Thomas! this is a sad change. (*Cries.*

Copse. A change! why, what's the girl whimpering at? Can't a man take one, two, or to come to the worst, say three bowls of punch, without being cried over as if he were an onion-bed, or a mustard-pot? There's nobody has any right to question; I have nobody—

Patty. No one?

Copse. No.

Patty. And your mother, Thomas—your old time-worn father?

Copse. (*Softened.*) Well, what of them?

Patty. They have waited your coming all night—many a weary turn has your father taken down yonder lane, the winds blowing his gray hairs about his cheeks; a hundred times your mother has crept on tiptoe to the casement, bending low her ear to catch your step; many a despairing look has she cast at the black sky, then moving backward to the hearth, sat down and wept.

Copse. (*With emotion.*) Well, I know it's wrong—I've been wild, but it's all over; kiss me, Patty—you are a good girl, and I'm reformed to—

Patty. But why not come home?

Copse. That's it, you see; I couldn't refuse staying for the last time. But to-day I shall go to work, and never, never drink again, never! Only, you see, I was a little joyful—I had got a good price for the grain—all ready money, all paid down.

Patty. Oh, that indeed is fortunate, it comes most timely; and you have it, you say?

Copse. To be sure I have—you don't think I'd leave it behind me, do you? No, no, all safe in my own keeping; if I did tipple a little I knew what I was about.

Patty. Where is it?

Copse. Where—why in my pocket, here! (*He endeavors to put his hand into his pocket and discovers that it is torn away—he looks despairingly.*) No, it is not! It is—

Patty. Lost!

Copse. (*Madly.*) Lost! no, hold thy tongue—it can't—it must be safe—I'd never—(*During this time he is in the greatest agitation, searching his person.*) Ah! you've got it, Patty. Come, if you think to frighten me, you mistake—you—you—(*The truth flashes on him.*) Oh, heaven, it's lost! I am a wretch indeed!

Patty. Compose yourself, dear brother.

Copse. Compose! what—and father, mother, you, beggars? and I—oh, fool! beast! drunkard!

Patty. Dear Thomas, come into the farm.

Copse. What! to look on outcasts? and I that have made them so; never will I cross its threshold again unless to bring them comfort. I'll retrace my steps to the inn—if fortune favors me, I'll see thee soon—if not, farewell—farewell, Patty, and forever!

(*Rushes off, R.*

Patty. Farewell, brother, forever! Is it so? (*Going L.*) And father, mother—lost, lost, forever!

(*Exit S.E.L.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in VERNON's House. Same as Scene I.*

Enter GLANVILLE and ALICIA, S.F.R.

Alicia. (R.C.) Alas, sir, I fear to flatter myself with the hope.

Glan. (L.C.) Trust me, you look too gloomily upon the matter; Vernon will speedily be awakened to his error, and become more guarded from having once erred. Is he at present engaged?

Ali. I believe with Mr. Franklin; he is a worthy man.

Glan. (*Sarcastically.*) He is blessed with your good opinion, madam.

Ali. Nay, if you are his rival in love, at least be just towards him—he would not, I am sure, be wanting in such courtesy to you.

Enter VERNON, from window, c.

Ver. (c.) Alicia, I have been a truant—I come in penitence to ask forgiveness. Glanville, join with me.

Ali. Join with you! Oh, sir, too well you know Alicia.

Ver. Yes, for the gentlest and the fondest wife that ever meekly bore with an ungrateful and a dissipated husband.

Ali. Nay, Vernon, I will not buy your praise at the cost of so much self-reproach. You humble yourself in your endeavors to exalt me.

Ver. Alicia, from this day I am an altered man. I now look with astonishment and disgust at the scenes which have of late engaged me. A tavern life! and with a house like mine, where fortune has profusely showered her dearest blessings—a wife, meek as the dove, and innocent as infancy—friends with true hearts—books, music, painting, all the arts that give a grace to life and raise man beyond himself—that I should leave this never-tiring round of pure delights, for the brawl and hubbub of a tavern—to argue without instruction, laugh without enjoyment, and at length drown the reasonable man within a wine-cask—oh! let it pass away as a hideous dream, and be no more remembered.

Ali. Oh! happy, happy Alicia!

(Embrace—*GLANVILLE retires a little L.*

Enter SERVANT, S.E.R., with salver and a card on it.

Serv. Sir John Gayly has left his card, sir, and hopes that you will remember the appointment this evening at the George.

(Gives card and exits, S.E.R.

Ali. (Clings to him.) Vernon!

Ver. Sir John Gayly! by the bye, I had forgotten—yes, it is this evening!

Ali. But you will not go? Promise me.

Ver. Certainly!—and yet, as I promised, it might appear disrespectful to the baronet—you know, my love, one wouldn't like that—so I must go—but this is the last time--and mind, I'll take no wine—not a drop of wine—not—

Enter SERVANT, S.E.R., with salver and decanter, and one wine glass and a goblet.

Ver. Eh! what's this? Oh! I had forgotten—my usual morning's draught.

Ali. You may take it away, your master will not partake of any this morning.

Ver. No, no, never bring it to me again. (*SERVANT going.*) But stop—(*SERVANT stops*)—as it is here now, I may as well take one glass! (*Drinks.*) My love, this is the first of the last supply, is it not? It tastes well, and yet—(*drunks*)—very well, very well—give me another! (*About to place the wine glass on the salver, lets it purposely drop—the SERVANT is about to exit for another when VERNON snatches the decanter and empties its contents into the goblet.*) This will do. (*Drinks it off.*) What a recreant was I to exclaim against wine—it's the true elixir after all. (*Snicks his lips.*)

Ali. Is this your promise? Before your servant, too? (*To SERVANT.*) You can go, Butts. (*SERVANT exits S.E.R.*)

Ver. 'Tis my last sin, believe me.

Ali. Heaven grant it! but—

Ver. But! But what? Away with those icy fears; believe me, I am now wholly, unalterably reformed. (*Leuds ALICIA off S.E.R.*) Well, Glanville, you will join us to-night?

Glan. (*Comes down L.C.*) No, no—positively; I have some serious ideas of reformation myself.

Ver. (R.C.) But for one evening—hang it, man, only for one evening.

Glan. Well, on one proviso—that you make no such bets as you were guilty of last night.

Ver. Bets!—last night! My dear fellow, I remember no bets.

Glan. What, you were far gone, certainly, but do you not remember how I advised, nay, implored you, to break off the wager with the French Count?

Ver. The French Count! I remember that our host's wine was excellent—that the Count sang some delectable *chansons-a-boire*—but for the bet—

Enter SERVANT, S.E.R., showing in CLERK.

Serv. A gentleman, sir, from Mr. Bullion, your banker.

(*Exit s.e.r.*)

Clerk. (R.) I wait, sir, from our house, to inquire whether you intend to wholly withdraw yourself from our books?

Ver. (C.) Certainly not, Mr. Bullion is one of my best friends. Why this question?

Clerk. Your check, sir, was presented this morning for the whole amount of the cash banked with us.

Ver. My check! Impossible!

Clerk. Here, sir.

(Shows the check. VERNON gazes at it with horror and astonishment.)

Ver. Some fiend—some devil has been at work—some jugglery—

Glan. (Aside, L.) Be composed—'tis the check you gave the Count.

Ver. Impossible! Some cheat—some trick—let me remember—last night. (*VERNON stands making an apparent effort to recollect the events of the last evening—incoherently.*) No, no, no, I cannot grasp a single circumstance.

Glan. (*Aside to him.*) Be calm! You betray yourself.

Clerk. What answer, sir, shall I take back?

Ver. Say that I am a wretch—a beggar—a—(*Recollecting himself and with an effort.*) No, no—I will wait on Mr. Bullion—will explain all—there is an error—'tis but a trifle—a—oh! I shall go mad! (*Exit CLERK, R.*) Glanville! I'll have revenge. Where is this count? Where is the villain who has practised on my indiscretions? Indiscretions! Oh, drunkenness! thou smiling demon, that raises us from out ourselves to sink us 'neath the worm! But the count—

Glan. Know you not that he was to leave England this morning? The vessel was in the harbor—and see—(*Goes towards window C.*)—see where she sails.

Ver. (*Distractedly.*) My curses sink her!

Glan. This is weakness; what, to rave thus for a few thousands!

Ver. Thousands! Do not my creditors get every day more clamorous? Am I not dunned, hunted, and all through this infernal vice; but 'tis past—now, indeed, I am an altered man.

Enter SERVANT, S.E.R., with several papers on a silver salver.

Ver. Well, sir, what have you there!

Serv. Bills, sir; this, sir, from your wine merchant, this from the goldsmith—from the jeweler—this from—

Ver. Villain! do you come to torment me? Give them to my steward.

Serv. He has left the house, sir.

Ver. Left!

Serv. And bade me return you the keys, and with them this letter.

Ver. 'Tis well—give the bills to me. Hence! (*Exit SERVANT, S.E.R. Reads the letter.*) "Respected sir: I have warned you, but you listened not. I could not stay to witness the wreck that must take place; my accounts will be found correct. Accept my prayers." Smooth-tongued villain! to leave me, and at such a time, Glanville, what's to be done? Some bold stroke, or my credit's gone.

Glan. You have yet your wife's estate; this house—

Ver. This house! it was my ancestors'—my noble ancestors—who in the senate and the field covered themselves with glory—who have for four centuries past heaped honor on the name of Vernon—making it as rich and brilliant as a diadem—to be worn by whom? A beast, a drunkard; a wretch who drowns his reason in the goblet, and only lives when he disgraces life. This house!—part with it? Impossible!

Glan. I said not part with it—yet money may be raised. Was not Pounce here this morning?

Ver. He is now in the library.

Glan. He is secret and persevering—why not trust him?

Ver. I will; all may yet be regained—all, if the world be kept in ignorance. Glanville, excuse me to the baronet; to-night I'll stay at home.

Glan. Why not have the party here?

Ver. Here!

Glan. Aye! The affair at your banker's may be whispered—a little fete now, would give the falsehood to any ugly rumor. You understand?

Ver. It would so; but there is no time.

Glan. I have it! Mrs. Loverout gives a masquerade to-night. I know she will, at my solicitations, bring the masquers here; a few lamps can so be put in the orangery, and then—

Ver. As you will! I feel a burning thirst.

Glan. Come, shall I prescribe for you? Wine!

Ver. Aye! Wine! wine! There is some demon in my heart that leaps at the sound! Words are vain! Ruin may preach, but 'tis heard not; the monster's up—and wine, wine alone can satisfy it.

(*Exeunt s.e.r.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Front Wood.*

Enter FRANKLIN and MISS VERNON, L.

Franklin. (R.) The infatuation every day grows stronger on him.

Miss Vernon. (L.) My poor brother, and his unhappy wife!

Frank. Can you then hesitate at withdrawing yourself from a house where you are compelled to witness scenes of violence, and, I may add, guilt?

Miss V. Be assured, Franklin, that in remaining with my brother I have no other view than a hope of re-awakening him to a sense of his indiscretions. Grant me a short time longer, and then whatever may be the result of my endeavors, I am yours.

Frank. For me, content with such a promise, be mistress of your time. I will, with you, strive to work the preservation of Vernon, though, from what I have lately witnessed, I am not sanguine in my expectations.

Copse. (*Singing without, L.*) "And believe me there's nothing like grog."

Frank. Come, I will see you to the house, and then return on my mission.

Miss V. I will not detain you, (*crosses to r.*) 'tis but a short way—in one hour I shall expect you. (*Exit r.*)

Enter COPSEWOOD, singing, L.

"I've been drinking, I've been drinking,
Where were wine and brandy good;
And I'm thinking, and I'm thinking,
How to get out of this wood."

Frank. (R.) What, Master Copsewood, are you not ashamed of yourself?

Copse. (L.) Ashamed! What for? Haven't I been drinking? Isn't that all correct, eh? (*Sings.*) "If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try."

Frank. But hear me.

Copse. (*Sings.*) "A bumper!"

Frank. One word—

Copse. (*Sings.*) "A bumper!"

Frank. Are you mad?

Copse. (*Sings.*) "Take a bumper and try!"

Frank. How is it that I see you thus?

Copse. How is it? Why, I'll tell you.

(*Sings.*)

"This morning very early,
My malady was such,
I in my tea took brandy,
And took a drop too much."

Frank. Come, let me advise you to go home.

Copse. Go home! pho! (*Sings.*) "Go to the Barley-Mow—go to the Barley-Mow."

Frank. An honest, industrious fellow like you to make yourself a mere receptacle for drink.

Copse. Receptacle! (*Sings.*) "And so out of Toby they made this brown jug." I'm now in the best of all humors—I only want a friend and a bottle. Ah! they may talk of their Greek and their Latin gibberish, and all that—but there's a sentiment for you, there's a plain English sentiment. (*Sings.*) "May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him." Oh, I've been getting tipsy like a gentleman; what do you think I've been drinking?

Frank. What! Why, if you must drink, what an honest yeoman life yourself ought to partake of—good Sir John Barleycorn.

Copse. Beer! once it was delightful, but now, my genteel company forbids it.

Frank. Indeed!

Copse. (*Sings.*)—

"Oh, no ! we never mention it,
Its fond name never drops,
My lips are now forbid to taste
A draught of malt and hops ;
From wine to wine I've hurried,
Till I've drained each bottle out ;
But ask me not if e'er I tipple
Half-and-half, or stout."

Frank. Well, now let me advise you to go home.

Copse. I will, because I know sister expects me.

Frank. Ah, the pretty Patty ; she's a charming girl—good-natured, lively, innocent and unaffected.

Copse. Ah, that's all true ; but, bless you, you've left out the first and best of all her virtues.

Frank. And what's that ?

Copse. She makes punch like an angel.

Frank. Well, farewell, friend ; and take this brief but sincere warning—reform, reform, and live soberly. (*Exit R.*

Copse. So I will—that I'm determined. (*Takes flask out of his pocket and drinks.*) So I will ! sobriety is good in its way, and I'm determined to patronize it.

Enter Bailiff, L.

Bailiff. What, Master Copsewood, and tipsy !

Copse. Well, what's that to you ? A man has no right to take out a license for drinking liquor if he has to sell it. What is it to you ?

Bailiff. Oh, nothing ! (*Crosses to R.*) Only I hope you are ready for to-morrow ; you know the day of the month, I suppose—not an hour will be given you, and this I tell you in friendship. (*Exit R.*

Copse. To-morrow ! Oh, the thoughts are coming upon me like flashes of fire ! To-morrow the rent's due, and I—that money—lost—and instead of seeking it—I must go to yonder inn, and—father, mother, sister, all turned out, houseless beggars—and I—I the cause. Eh ! who's that in yonder lane ? (*Looks off, L.*) 'Tis Squire Bullion's clerk—and what—he's counting notes—ann now he takes out a bag—gold, bright, glittering gold ! My father, mother—are you to starve—to—no—this, this will arm me for anything. (*Takes out flask and drinks off contents.*) Now, now I feel the robber strong within me, and come what will, the gold is mine. (*Exit L.*

SCENE V.—An Elegant Apartment which opens into the Orangery in centre, illuminated with lamps. The apartment filled up as for a gala. A table with wine, &c.

VERNON, GLANVILLE and Company discovered sitting at. (all in dominoes) drinking. Servants waiting.

All. Ha, ha, ha! Excellent! a wit—a wit!

Ver. (Greatly exhilarated.) No, no, gentlemen, you flatter; I'm naturally a dull fellow, but wine, glorious wine will act as the steel to my flinty sense, and sometimes strike out a bright spark or so.

Glan. I'm tired of wine—some brandy.

One of the company. And water.

Ver. Water! he's a Gentoo who says water, and shall live upon it.

One of the company. Come, come, brandy married to an equal quantity of water is not so base either.

Ver. Married! no, give it to me in its single state; though if I were made Doge of Venice, instead of wedding the ocean, faith, I'd drop a ring into a barrel of *eau-de-vie*.

Glan. Then brandy and water is to be lawful?

Ver. Aye, but let it be made according to the true Shaksperian precept.

Glan. The Shaksperian precept—how is that?

Ver. Why, as for the brandy, "nothing extenuate"—and the water, put nought in, in malice. (*Music strikes up without.*) Our visitors! Come, gentlemen, mask—mask. (*They mask themselves.*)

Enter Masqueraders through c. A dance—after the dance ALICIA and MISS VERNON, who are dressed in character dresses, single out VERNON.

Ver. (Between them.) Well, ladies, what would you with a poor unknown? You have fairly hunted me through the room. Come, have I made a conquest? Your name?

Miss V. Prudence.

Ver. A pretty name for a masquerade. (*Laughs.*) And yours?

Ali. Temperance. (*All laugh.*)

Ver. (*Laughs.*) A saint couldn't refrain from laughing at such pretty names! Oh, sisters! Prudence and Temperance—well, my fair ladies, these are virtues I have been between all my life, but could never yet come over to either of them. Adieu!

(*VERNON is retiring when four masks, two as hermits and two as bravoës, surround him.*)

Ver. Eh! what, between robbery and peace-making. Well, gentlemen, which side is to have me?

All. Both! (*They throw off their masks and discover themselves.*)

Ver. Bailiffs!

Ali. Husband!

Miss V. Brother!

Ver. 'Tis a masquerading trick.

Bail. Nay, nay; you do not so avoid us.

Ver. Villains, let me pass!

(*He is running up the stage when two more bailiffs present themselves with pistols at c. door. A shout of "Stop thief!" is set up.*

COPSEWOOD rushes down through c. door, pursued by RUSTICS and CLERK, who seize him on his knees, L.C.

Copse. Save me! Save me!

(*He throws the bag of gold to the CLERK, and falls at his feet, in attitude of entreaty. Picture.*

BAILIFFS. BAILIFFS. RUSTICS.

<i>GIANVILLE</i> R.	<i>MISS V.</i> R.C.	<i>VER.</i> R.C.	<i>ALICIA.</i> C.	<i>COPSEWOOD</i> <i>L.C. on knees,</i>	<i>CLERK.</i> L.
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Masquers.

Masquers.

END OF ACT I.

A lapse of five years between the first and second acts.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain Chamber. Centre door. Plain furniture.*

Enter DOGROSE, L.

Dogrose. Well, I've bad news for my poor mistress—poor lady—here she sits, day after day, painting and painting, whilst her husband, the lost Mr. Vernon, squanders the little gathered from the wreck of his late fortune, in riot and intoxication.

Enter ALICIA, R.

Ali. Now, my kind friend—servant no longer—have you brought back any orders?

Dog. Alas! madam—I took home the drawings—and here, here is the payment—(*Gives purse*)—but I can hardly find courage to tell you, they desired me to inform you, that—

Ali. Speak!

Dog. That no more will be wanted for some time.

Ali. Then are we desolate, indeed! Oh, Vernon—

Dog. Ah! lady, a foolish, indolent, profligate—

Ali. He is my husband—he was *your* master!

Dog. Indeed, lady, I meant no harm. (*Knocking without, c.*)

Ali. Hush! 'tis he—begone, good fellow. (*Exit DOGROSE, c.*)
He's here. (*Sits at easel, R.*)

Enter VERNON, c., his appearance is gloomy and haggard, he looks sultrously at DOGROSE, who goes off. VERNON takes a chair and sits L.

Ver. (L.) So! What does that menial here? Why am I to be continually reminded, by his presence, of the fortune lost—

Ali. (R.) By your own intemperance.

Ver. Still more complaints. For these five years past, I have borne—

Ali. You have borne! ungrateful man.

Ver. What! more reproaches?

Ali. Nay, I will give utterance to my anguish. You have borne—and what have I endured—endured without a murmur? For your charge is false, as it is unfeeling—was I not, alike with you, nursed in the soft lap of luxury? Have I not seen our domains, your ancestral halls, melt and fade away like a vain pageant of ice? Have I not seen you sink, day by day, from the most exalted station, almost to the wretched footing of the outcast? Have I not seen your intellect obscured, your temper broken, by that base infatuation which my heart sickens to think upon, and my lips refuse to name?

Ver. Granted that you have, you have still the satisfaction of your sex—to talk of it. If I am grown so hideous, pray, madam, do not longer violate the delicacy of your feelings, but leave me.

Ali. Leave you! no! though you have banished relations, friends from me—though you have drawn the loud contempt of the world upon your wretched head—though you are a mark for the good to grieve at, and the vain to scoff—though abuse and contumely be leveled at you, still, still I must be with you—the name of husband is not lost, though it be coupled with the opprobrious term of—

Ver. Drunkard! end your sentence, madam, 'tis your meaning. But 'tis not my vices, as you term them—'tis my narrow means that offend you. 'Tis not the loss of my good name, as you most delicately infer—but the absence of silks, feathers, and of diamonds!—'tis this food your vanity craves after.

Ali. This food! Vernon, do you believe that only vanity has hanger? That only the empty pride of dress can feel an appetite? Are there no other wants?

Ver. What mean you? Do you hear me? Speak!

Ali. This is the first time you have crossed the threshold since yesterday, when you dined!

Ver. Why remind me of that?

Ali. Know you how that dinner was procured?—by what witchery the money was obtained?—for 'tis long since you have given me any.

Ver. How it was procured! How? By heavens! consuming thoughts and maddening fears throng upon my brain, and press it into madness. That money!—how procured? Speak! satisfy me, or by hell, I'll read the history—

Ali. Read it here.

(*Holds her hand to him.*)

Ver. Ha! your ring!

Ali. You see, 'tis gone. It bought *your* dinner—it bought *your* wine—that ring, which, in the sweet promise of youth, in the day-spring of our mutual love—was fixed upon my hand by the noble, generous Vernon, the good man, and the gentleman, was wrested from its sacred place to purchase mad forgetfulness—intoxication for Vernon, the degraded, selfish drunkard!

Ver. And was wine purchased from such a source, and did it not turn to poison? Oh, this sacrifice is too much. Alicia, dear Alicia, yes, I see it in your pale cheek and drooping lip—your eyes!—those eyes which I have worshipped as the glorious sun—all reveal your constancy and my disgrace. You, you—I cannot speak the words—have wanted food, whilst I—

Ali. No—no—do not think so—besides, all is past now; you will stay at home to-day?

Ver. Stay—here let me be fixed the statue of remorse.

(*Is about to kneel.*)

Ali. Ah! all, all is pardoned, all forgotten.

(*They embrace—the purse falls from ALICIA's dress.*)

Ver. (Taking it up.) Ha! (With mingled feeling of sorrow and contempt.) Oh! Alicia, is it so?

Ali. Stay, I can explain all.

Ver. Not a word—'tis all explained. The wife would reclaim the truant husband; and with a subtle story lure him back again to home and obedience. You had no money? (Going c.) Farewell!

Ali. (Holding him.) Vernon, in mercy, stay! where would you—answer—oh, I see—the tavern—the tavern.

Ver. No matter! be silent. What! tears—'tis well—you are proficient in your craft.

Ali. On my knees! Vernon!—

Ver. Hence, hypocrite!

(*VERNON throws her from him and exits c.—she falls and scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*A Front Wood.*

Enter GLANVILLE and COPSEWOOD, L.

Glan. (r.) Have you any recommendation as to character?

Copse. (L.) Why, as for that, sir, I'm rather strange about these parts, and as I didn't think of character in my own village—I—you see, sir—I haven't got anything written about me.

Glan. Well, perhaps you could obtain the requisite document?

Copse. Why, sir, I don't know, people lately grow very nice about speaking a good word for me; when I was a youngster, the whole village would have put their hands to a recommendation; but somehow or other, the older I grow, the more folks think I can recommend myself.

Glan. Have you been brought up to service?

Copse. No; I had once a farm of my own; that is, I managed it for father and mother; but they are dead, and then my sister—

Glan. Is she dead too?

Copse. Aye! I am glad to say.

Glan. A most brotherly gladness.

Copse. It is, and you knew all. Everything went wrong. I went wrong too; and there was a fine gentleman—a villain!—he professed to serve us, and, in short, he poisoned the mind of Patty.

Glan. What! Copsewood!

Copse. Aye—why you know the—(*looks hard into GLANVILLE's face*)—what! thou art the villain!

Glan. No!

Copse. Thou liest! the blood runs from thy cheeks, and thy lips quiver!—now feel a brother's vengeance!

(*He grapples with GLANVILLE, throws him round into L. corner, and is about to strike him with his cudgel.*)

Enter FRANKLIN, from L., and goes between them.

Frank. (c.) Rise, sir. (*Recognizing him.*) Glanville!

Glan. (L.) Franklin! I thank you, sir, for this courtesy—for yonder ruffian, the law shall find security. (*Exit L.*)

Frank. Is it not Copsewood?

Copse. (*Abashed, r.*) Sir, you may remember things which would make me deny my name, but—

Frank. Penitence may have done much. You have, I hope, reformed.

Copse. Why, sir, it must have been some fury that tempted me to snatch that bag; I got off from that, thanks to your kindness; and now—

Frank. You have added, I hope, sobriety to your good qualifications.

Copse. I'll try, sir; but if the truth must be told I make but slow progress.

Frank. But why thus assault Mr. Glanville?

Copse. Why! Yet I'm glad you came betwixt us, or I had shed his blood. My sister, my poor sister, 'twas he who murdered her!

Frank. He! You surely speak from surmise, you have no proof?

Copse. Why, not what the *law* calls murder; but there are many villains walking abroad worthy of halters, upon whom the law, tight and shrewd though it be, cannot fix them.

Frank. How know you of her death?

Copse. I'll tell you, sir, if I can, though to my own shame. When I took to visiting inns, and such places, the farm went to wreck—father and mother died—sister Patty was lured away—my good name was gone. I tried at every place to get work, but couldn't—I was a beggar and a vagrant for four long years. I went to London, and there, for want of better employment, I worked at—it is an ugly word—an undertaker's. Well, sir, one night the church wardens came and told me to follow them. I did so. They said a poor girl, unknown and unattended, had just gone from this world. We came to the place—I entered a loathsome hut—a den of dirt and misery—and in one corner, thrown aside, as in the very coldness of contempt, lay the body. I took a light and bent myself towards the corpse—I snatched the coverlet aside, and there—oh! my bursting heart—lay my sister! my poor sister! I gasped for breath, and my knees sunk under me beside her; ah! how changed—her meek eyes, her sweet lips, her snow like skin—in every feature, in every line, was writ the story of a broken heart; her very locks—sir, she was not seventeen, yet there were gray hairs upon her!

Frank. Unhappy girl!

Copse. I took one kiss from her cold mouth, and pressing her thin and withered hand, I swore, silently yet deeply, an oath of vengeance on her destroyer—you, sir, saw Glanville in the dust. Now wonder you that his blood is not trickling at my feet?

Frank. How did you first encounter him? He has not long arrived here.

Copse. So I heard, though I was not told his name; I applied to him—('tis bitter now to think on't)—for employment, as his servant,—his servant! Curses!

Frank. Come with me—be trusty, and you shall not need a friend.

(Crosses to R.)

Copse. Heaven bless you.

Frank. But mind, you must observe sobriety—why, you hesitate—do you hear, you must observe—

Copse. Yes, sir—yes—I'll try, sir.

(Exeunt, R.)

SCENE III.—*The Interior of FRANKLIN'S House.* Centre door chamber, backed by interior. Tables R. and L. Chairs with covers over them.

Enter DOGROSE, R.

Dog. Well, it's lucky that Mr. Franklin having married Mr. Vernon's sister, I was promoted to be his butler, and thus am enabled to assist poor Madam Alicia—for her husband and Mr. Franklin must ever, I fear, be foes.

Enter JUNIPER, C.

Dog. Oh, here comes my humble friend. Well, Master Juniper, I suppose having recruited yourself in the pantry, you are now ready to travel?

Jun. (L.) Why, only another glass.

Dog. (R.) Well, you shall have it, and then you must go away—for the truth is, my master has no relish for visitors of your order.

Jun. Of my order? What do you mean?

Dog. Yes, of *your* order! You know there were some odd tales about you in the village—

Jun. Aye, but that's five years ago—do you think a bad character will wear forever?

Dog. Why—like a bad coat, it's according to the care that's taken of it—but perhaps you have thrown it off altogether?

Jun. Why, if not that, I've patched it with discretion; bless you, there's many a knave by such a kind of tailoring makes his reputation pass for as good as new.

Dog. Aye, or when it's worn out on one side, by turning it. But you know you were accused of, of—I forget exactly.

Jun. Yes, yes! (*Aside.*) For further particulars, see the Newgate Calendar! (*Aloud.*) Never mind all that—it was in my tender years, you know.

Dog. Eh, who's this? (*Crosses and looks off L.*) Step aside.

Jun. I'm off.

(*Exit R.*)

Enter FRANKLIN and COPSEWOOD, L.

Frank. Here, Dogrose, is an old acquaintance—make him welcome. To-morrow, Copsewood, let me see you early. (*Exit L.*)

Dog. (R.) Well, Master Copsewood, and how has the world slid?

Copse. (L.) Ill enough. But why keep such a distance? Are we not friends?

Dog. Why—

Copse. Aye, I see it; come, I'll not be nice with the matter—I see your thoughts, man! that bag of gold, eh—(*DOGROSE nods*)—ah!—well, it was a foolish affair; but I paid for it—deeply, deeply paid for it—character lost—father, mother—

Dog. Well, here's my hand. I'm not one of those squeamish people, who having but little honesty themselves, make up for the want by their uncharitable suspicions of others; it is not because a young horse once stumbles, that he is always to be upon his knees—and so, again, Master Copsewood, here's my hand.

Copse. Thou art a worthy fellow—a worthy fellow. Come, hast thou not a glass? one glass—as I'm an honest man, I have had but but four to-day—only four, and that, you know, for a man of my experience—

Dog. Well, we'll have a glass.

(*Exit L.*

Re-enter JUNIPER, R.

Jun. And here's one that will join you—who'd have thought of seeing you, Master Copsewood. Come, we can make a night of it. Here, let me assist you.

Re-enter DOGROSE, L., bringing on bottle, glasses, &c. COPSEWOOD takes flask from his bosom, and fills it out of the bottle. They seat themselves.

Dog. (*Seated c.*) But one word, my gentle visitors, this must be what we call in genteel society, a select party.

Jun. (*Seated R.*) Oh, of course!

Dog. No intemperance.

Copse. (*Seated L.*) Oh, of course!

Dog. No drinking till we don't know what we are about.

Jun. Oh, of course!

Copse. Of course! 'Twould be a breach of hospitality. I'll thank you for the spirits. (*Drinks.*) The man in the moon if he tipples need not drink better brandy than this.

(*During the foregoing, COPSEWOOD and JUNIPER have been helping themselves most profusely, and are far advanced in intoxication.* .

Jun. Now, I say my master, what do you think of one bumper?

Dog. No, no, I forbid it—no bumpers.

Copse. No, no bumpers. That's such a common road to drunkenness; now I've a short cut of my own, there's no room for genius in the regularity of bumper—but we'll just, if you like, take one glass more together.

Dog. No, no—my head is not used to it, and it's turning round already.

Copse. Turning round, is it? There's nothing like stopping it with a dead weight—here, my boy. (*Filling for him.*) Come, the other glass.

Dog. Ah! the other glass—what, Master Copsewood, where would you have been by this time if it hadn't been for that cry?

Copse. You're right; right and now I know you're in the fair road for intoxication, because you're getting sentimental—the other glasses

—oh, that *other* glass is the devil—the *other* glass, and no more—it's never found; for I've been drinking hard for it and looking for it for the last seven years, and hang me if the *other* glass has ever yet come to hand—never—and when I die, if I have an epitaph, let it be, here lies “*the other glass and no more.*”

Jun. Come, they're all sermons—let's have a song—and I'll sing it.

(Begins to sing.)

Copse. No, no, I'll sing the song.

(Begins to sing.)

Dog. Neither of you shall sing. I am master here, and I'll sing.

(Thumps the table, begins to sing.)

Copse. Come, no quarreling, no quarreling—now, I've hit upon such a plan—such a scheme—ha! ha!—ecod, I'm the boy! I'll tell you what—here's an idea! we'll all sing together!

(They sing discordantly, and at length each sinks into a state of stupefaction, and scene closes in.)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in an Inn. Doors in flat, R. and L. Interior backing.*

Enter GLANVILLE and POUNCE, L.

Pounce. (L.) How strange! I thought he had been abroad.

Glan. (R.) Aye, and so 'tis said he was. He is now, however, in this house.

Pounce. Has he seen you?

Glan. Yes.

Pounce. And did he not spurn you, for your desertion of him, after the destruction of his property?

Glan. Spurn me! I tell you the devil drink never worked so great a change in the nature of any man, as in this Vernon—all his thoughts, feelings, actions, begin and end in a bottle. Think you, a wretch so base and mean as this, has room for the indulgence of revenge? True, the flame may at times flicker within him, but the ruling passion of drink rages high again, makes poor the passion of vengeance and puffs it out.

Pounce. You may mistake him.

Glan. I have proof. At our first meeting he swelled a little and glared sullenly. I mentioned wine—and as the serpent's eye brings down the fluttering bird within its venomous jaws, so at the very sound, his mounting spirit dropped—and now look!—see where 'tis drugged within him! (Throws open door in flat R. and discovers VERNON on the floor, as if slid from the chair, on the rail of which his head is yet resting.) See where the image of noble, ambitious, god-

like man—the master of the earth and all its beings—the creature that binds the elements to his will—that tempts the billows in their wrath and blunts the lightning—the gifted soul that would read the will of fate within the star-lettered front of heaven—see where he lies, gorged to the throat with wine! the mockery of life, the antipodes of reason.

Pounce. Still, this love of wine has been his only fault.

Glan. Only fault! habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime; all the vices that stain our nature germinate within it, waiting but a moment to sprout forth in pestilential rankness. When the Roman stoic sought to fix a damning stigma on his sister's seducer, he called him neither simple rebel, bloodshedder, or villain—no, he wreaked every *odium* within one word, and that was, *drunkard*!

Pounce. It may be; but still I have known men of Vernon's character, capable of independent thought.

Glan. Impossible! Independence, and with a sot! I tell you when a man stoops to continual intoxication, 'tis only necessary to drench him well with what he loves, and, like wax, you may work him 'tween your fingers, moulding him fool or villain as you will. Enough of this—Vernon must be disposed of.

Pounce. Disposed of!

Glan. Aye, 'tis necessary for our safety. I am told that Franklin, his brother-in-law, though despising Vernon, yet for the sake of his wife and child, is striving to find out that French Count.

Pounce. Well!

Glan. Well are you a born idiot, or moon-struck? Know you not, that if Franklin prove successful, the draft, which in Vernon's name I forged, making him, poor fool, believe it was his own act—and which you caused to be presented—must come against us? Now you see the necessity?

Pounce. Yes, there is a necessity—a fearful one! What is to be done?

Glan. Can you cut a throat?

Pounce. Sir?

Glan. Oh, you are a punctilious, sweet-handed villain! You can forge instruments whereby to throw happy families from honorable independence into famishing obscurity—you can slay with ink and parchment—you can break hearts, *according to law*, but you cannot commit a vulgar murder; you are brave against the widow's tears and orphan's moans, but you cannot look on blood!

Pounce. I have, as you know, undertaken desperate things during our partnership of crime, but this—

Glan. No matter for the past, my own hand shall stead me in the present.

Pounce. Consider, 'ere 'tis too late.

Glan. 'Tis too late to consider. Will it not, after what I have done, be an act of charity to put that piece of scarcely breathing lumber (*points to VERNON*) into a quiet grave? (After looking a moment

at VERNON.) By heaven ! I would rather be the villain that I am, with all my faculties strong and active in crime, than that poor dull piece of saturated clay.

Ver. (Dreaming.) No, no—no more wine—give me spirits, spirits !—ah ! they fire my heart again !—now, now I am myself !

(*Falls prostrate.*)

Glan. Do you retire and watch my steps when I leave this place with Vernon. (*Exit POUNCE, L.*) So ! now for my victim ! (*Approaches VERNON, and after some difficulty rouses him, bringing him down stage, then leaves him and goes to door in flat L., brings down decanter of spirits and two glasses.*) Come, how now ! What, Fred ! cast down, and with only four bottles !

Ver. Where am I ? What has—(*Seeing GLANVILLE, he shrinks back*)—Glanville ! or is it some ghastly dream ?

Glan. (Who pours out more spirits, L.) Here ! here ! this will awaken you.

Ver. (R., who snatches at it almost instinctively and swallows it.) 'Tis of the right kind 'ifaith ! Another, another ! (*Drinks.*) Now the clouds are clearing up—come, one more, but one more, and I shall have—(*feeling his brow*)—the bright day.

Glan. Ah ! now you look like yourself.

Ver. Myself ! Who is that ? Ha ! I remember, it was Vernon—Frederick Vernon—the happy, rich, respected—that was Fred Vernon. Where, where is he ?

Glan. What, the vapors again ? Another bumper !

(*GLANVILLE pours out a glass from the decanter, and is about to give it to VERNON, who puts it aside and seizes the decanter.*)

Ver. (After drinking.) So ! now I have found him—now I am fit for anything. Come, where will you go, Glanville ? Will you go to my house ? We'll have a splendid feast—a supper for Luceillus. Come ! But you don't drink !—you are dull and steady—now no man sups with me who don't drink ; no man, woman, or child, that don't drink.

Glan. (Affecting intoxication.) Don't drink ? Why, I have drunk like an emperor—like an emperor !

Ver. This way, then—this way, then.

(*Singing.*)

“The glasses sparkle on the board, &c.

(*Exeunt n.*)

SCENE V.—*A Street. FRANKLIN'S House, door to open. Night, lights down. Music.*

Enter ALICIA, L.

Ali. My search is in vain—he's nowhere to be found. I shudder to think on it, but perhaps the image of insensibility, my husband,

lies in the cold air, at the mercy of the mercy of the elements, and of every rugged and unfeeling passenger ! Oh, Vernon, if not for my sake, at least for your poor child's—for your sweet, innocent boy—return to your desolated home ! Whither have I wandered ? This street—you house—oh, my poor heart ! In yonder house, the abode of virtuous love, live Franklin and his happy wife, the wretched Vernon's sister. Oh, I can picture the scene within that house—domestic joy, with every grace of life, has sanctified its hearth-stone. Perhaps Louisa, now happy in her love, is sitting with her husband ; whilst at my home, desolation frowns from the bare walls—my child, sunk to sleep in its wild cries for bread—and my husband—oh ! let me away from this spot ; let me hence, whilst I have sense to fly. (*Looks off R.*) Ha ! some one approaches, and with strange precaution ! Let me a moment observe. *(Retires L.)*

Enter PICKLOCK and two Thieves, R.

First Thief. Depend upon it, Picklock, you may trust Juniper ; let him drink as he may, he still keeps an eye to business.

Picklock. Oh, I never doubted him. But whereabouts are we ?

First Thief. This is the spot—and that the house.

Picklock. What's o'clock ? Hark ! the chimes ! *(Strikes twelve.)*

First Thief. It is the hour—now for the signal ! *(PICKLOCK whistles, and is answered from the house.)* That's the nightingale I love to hear.

Pick. Now, comrades ; here is a booty, stand firm and we may make our fortunes.

First Thief. But, captain, is this to be a simple or a compound job !

Pick. What do you mean ?

First Thief. Mean ! Why, is it to be a plain robbery, or—you understand ?

Pick. Not if we can help it ; but if there's any resistance, spare no one, in order to destroy all evidence. *(The door is opened by JUNIPER.)* Ha ! the door is opened—come !

(Music—Thieves enter FRANKLIN'S house, R. in flat.)

ALICIA comes forward, L.

Ali. They will be murdered ! How shall I act ? Shall I cry aloud for help?—no, no—they may be sacrificed in the tumult ! Let me be dumb if I can, whilst I seek effectual assistance. Louisa ! Franklin ! I fly to save you. *(Exit L.)*

Enter VERNON (his dress disordered) and GLANVILLE, R.

Ver. *(L.)* No, no—I say it was not sherry, it was brandy ; good, glorious brandy ! My heart is like a volcano with it now.

Glan. *(R.)* I say it was sherry.

Ver. And I say it was not.

Glan. Would your quarrel with me?

Ver. Quarrell! Why not? I'm a man, I hope—five times a man, for I've drunk as many bottles.

Glan. No matter—you are wrong.

Ver. Say that again, and if you do—

Glan. What! am I threatened? Let this end it, then!

(*Draws a knife and stabs Vernon, who exclaims, "Villain!" and drawing a pistol from his breast, fires it at Glanville, who falls.* At this instant, the inmates of Franklin's house are alarmed. The Thieves rush out, thinking themselves betrayed. Alicia runs on with neighbors from the L., who overcome the Thieves, and Juniper and Copsewood, who are identified with them, a pocket-book falling from Copsewood's pocket. Alicia supports her wounded husband. Picture.

Neighbors secure Neighbors secure

Glanville on ground, R. *PICKLOCK and Thieves, R.C.* *JUNIPER and COPSEWOOD, L.C.* *Alicia supporting VERNON, L.*

Neighbor.

END OF ACT II.

A lapse of ten years between the second and third acts.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Front Landscape. Cottage on R.*

Enter WINGBIRD and DOGROSE, L.

Wing. (R.) Well, honest Dogrose, this is a busy day for you, eh?

Dog. (L.) Yes, sir; and all I hope is, that Miss Isabella will be happier to-day, than poor Madam Vernon, her aunt, is likely to be.

Wing. Well, I wish her joy with all my soul.

Dog. And so do I, sir.

Wing. I have heard that Vernon is dead. Is it so?

Dog. Why, so we believe, sir; 'tis now ten years since he was heard of; he had an affray with that Glanville you have heard me speak about, and after that he went abroad, and no tidings have since reached us; his wife and son have since that time been protected by Mr. Franklin. But, bless me! I've so much to do, that I can't waste another moment in talk—not a moment—so good morning, sir, good morning. (Exit L.)

Wing. Good day, friend. Ah, yonder I see the villagers assembling. I'll e'en mingle with them until the party joins us. (Exit L.)

Enter ALICIA and ISABELLA from cottage, R.

Isa. (R.) My dearest madam, why should you on this day cherish such gloomy thoughts? I have watched you when you knew it not, have seen you, but an hour since, gaze on me with a look of bitterest anguish, and only turn away to sigh and weep.

Ali. (L.) Bless you, my child, bless you! (Aside.) Oh! Vernon!

Isa. Tears again! Dear madam, the grave has closed o'er my uncle this many a year. Why revert to this?

Ali. 'Tis rumored so; but how or where he died we have no direct proof. Heaven pardon me, but I almost fear he lives.

Isa. Fear, madam, fear!

Ali. Aye—death must have been terrible to him, come when it would, but life, if he still lives, and with that frightful vice craving within him—oh, what a spectacle of crime and horror. No, no, it cannot be—at least, I pray not—I would rather gaze upon his tombstone than meet his living eye. But 'tis unjust towards you, my child, to indulge these thoughts.

Isa. Here comes my father.

Enter FRANKLIN, from cottage, R.

Frank. My dearest Isabella, your mother should have lived to see this day.

Enter DOGROSE, L.

Dog. Oh, sir, sir—here are all the good neighbors in attendance.

Frank. We attend; come, Isabella.

(Exeunt ISABELLA, FRANKLIN and ALICIA, L.)

Dog. (Loocking off, L.) There they go, happy as larks. Ah, that I was young again, the sweet golden age from eighteen to thirty.

Enter GLANVILLE, carrying a pack, from R.—crosses to L., throws down pack.

Dog. No light companion that for a hot day's march, eh, friend?

Glan. (L.) You speak truly—yet I have trudged with it many a weary mile. If you have charity of a man, give me a cup of water.

Dog. Water! That's a bad commodity to travel with; perhaps I may find you a better; stay here till I return. (*Exit R. into cottage.*)

Glan. So, Glanville, after ten years wandering, after all your villainies, what are you? A mendicant, or little better. Hunted by the unceasing persecution of Franklin, who detected the forgery, I have lived an exile from my country. Why do I return? Perhaps death has laid my enemy in his grave, and then—

Re-enter DOGROSE, R., with a flask. At this moment, VERNON, gray-headed and in tatters, is seen to look in from wing, L.

Dog. Here, friend, this, I take it, will put new life into your feet. Farewell, and a good journey to you.

(*Exit R.* GLANVILLE puts the flask to his lips.)

Euler VERNON, L., hurries down beside GLANVILLE and lays his hand on his shoulder.

Ver. A drop! but one drop for the love of heaven. I am starving.

Glan. Starving—this is not for a hungry man—'tis brandy.

Ver. Brandy! 'Tis food, raiment, all to me. A drop! but one drop.

Glan. No, beg it as I have done.

(GLANVILLE looks sullenly at VERNON, and goes off with pack, L.)

Ver. He's gone; my limbs can scarcely support me to the door—yet I must endeavor. (*Striving to get to the cottage, he staggers and falls.*) 'Tis over—death creeps upon me.

Re-enter ISABELLA, L.

Isa. Ah, yonder wretched man—some poor traveler o'erweareried in his journey—or, heavens, perhaps dead—for he shows no signs of life—he breathes—I'll in and bring some aid. (*Exit into cottage, R., and returns with wine.*) Come, cheerly, good man! (*VERNON revives.*) Cheerly, you are among friends.

Ver. Friends! 'Tis a strange word to my ear. I thank you—you have a gentle heart.

Isa. Here is wine.

Ver. Wine! (*With an effort he seizes it, and empties the flask.*) There is life in every drop; 'tis long since I have tasted it.

Isa. Whither are you journeying?

Ver. Nowhere; the whole world presents an equal path to me.

Isa. Have you no kindred?

Ver. Ask me not—'tis a question I dare not ask myself. Kindred! Oh, 'tis a tale of sorrow.

Isa. Indeed! then I'll not hear it, for this is my birthday.

Ver. Your birthday—a wretch's blessing wait upon you.

Isa. Here, my good man, is money—take it, and heaven bless you. *(Exit into cottage, R.)*

Ver. Alicia, my murdered wife—for well I know the grave must, long 'ere this, have held you, my boy, my son—*my son!* The drunkard has no son, no wife, no friend; with one frantic grasp he tears from his heart all ties of blood and honor. Oh! that I had ne'er been born—ne'er had life to crawl a wretched outcast, hateful to the world, loathsome to myself. But no, I must not reflect—'tis horror. Here is money, 'twill buy me—what? No matter, I feel myself grow frantic, and with the greater madness must I put down the less. Ah! there is an inn—my heart is bursting—my throat's on fire—let me, though in frenzy, strive to quench it. *(Rushes off, L.)*

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a Country Inn. Door in flat, L.*

RUSTICS discovered seated drinking at R. table. LANDLORD, C.

First Rus. So, master, there's been a gala to-day in parish.

Land. Yes, 'tis the birthday of Squire Franklin's daughter; and what have you to say to that?

First Rus. Say, why nothing, but here's my good wishes to her.

Enter COPSEWOOD, door in flat, L., his appearance that of extreme misery.

Copse. (*Sits at table, L.*) Bring me some ale. Well, what do you look at?

Land. You've money in your purse, I hope.

Copse. Perhaps I have.

Land. Well, then, perhaps I'll draw you the ale; but that we may neither of us be left to doubt, suppose you show me a glimpse of your coin first.

Copse. (*Gives money.*) There, 'tis my last.

Land. Sorry for it.

Copse. Indeed.

Land. Yes; for both our sakes. *(Exit R.)*

Copse. And is there never a true fellow among you to ask a stranger to wet his lips? What, all silent? Well, no matter. (*The Rustics, having finished drinking, go off, one by one, at door in flat, L.*) A clear house! Well, Tom Copsewood, and here you are after fifteen years of madness, for I can find no better word, an old, decrepit pauper—name and health lost—and for what—for what?

Re-enter LANDLORD, R.

Copse. Oh, the ale, the ale! (*Takes ale and greedily swallows it.*)

Land. (c.) You are a stranger about these parts?

Copse. (*At L. table.*) Aye, just put ashore.

Land. Just put on shore. Why, there has been no vessel near here this week past but the convict ship now in the roads. You didn't come passenger in her, did you?

Copse. Why, no matter for that.

Land. And what's your business in this part of the country?

Copse. To get work, if I can find any one charitable enough to employ me; but I fear the sick and the old can obtain but few masters.

Land. Work! What can you do?

Copse. Anything. At least I am willing to try.

Land. I'm afraid you will stand a bad chance, friend. There is something suspicious about you that would prevent a respectable—

Copse. Yes, there it is. If a man once fall, no matter when—no matter how he may have suffered—repented of the rashness—the good respectable people of this world raise their hands, set up the long loud cry; and the young rogue, whom accident may have at first seduced, becomes in self-defence confirmed in crime, and dies a hardened ruffian—when a timely hand—but no matter—you speak the common tongue, and I must starve.

Land. No—I would serve you.

Copse. Would you?

Land. Yes. I like prudence, and have practiced it—but not that cold and calculating foresight which you, and rightly, too, condemn. You may have done wrong once. Well, show me the man that has not, and let him tell you to starve on the highway—I have committed many an error, and have no right to say so, nor will I.

Copse. Bless you! I thought you one of those hard-faced men, whose looks—

Land. Why, as for looks, friends, I fear if either of us were to be recommended by looks, neither would stand much chance of preference.

Copse. I will deserve your kindness—be sure I will.

Land. Do so, and you may live peaceably. But, I say, I have a little experience in these matters—now by your face I should judge you had not lived on water all your life?

Copse. No—there it is—there—but that's past, depend on it; I now see the guilt, the horror, the sin of it, and am determined to live and die a sober, reformed old man. You will not judge a man by his outward appearance?

Land. No, not altogether. I judge of the poor, oppressed man as I do of my lime trees in winter; well, they look bare and ragged enough, but shall I cut them down for fire-wood? No; for the spring comes and they put forth their leaves, and hang out their flowers in the air, giving a cooling shade, and shedding sweetness

round about. And so I hope a like goodly change in you. But come with me.

Copse. To the world's end. You have poured oil upon my bruised heart—you have taken a load from my brain. Drink ! no never again—never, here I'll swear—

Land. (*Stops him.*) You shall do no such thing ; if gratitude cannot bind men, oaths have no power. To-day my servant quitted me, you shall supply his place, and even now, must enter on your business. There is a hamper of wine and brandy to take up to the manor-house—mind, be worthy of my trust.

Copse. Worthy ! May heaven strike me from the earth when I disgrace it. (*Exeunt R.*

SCENE III.—*A Front Grove.*

Enter FRANKLIN and WINGBIRD, L.

Frank. (R.) Well, if you cannot dine, at least you'll spend the evening with us.

Wing. (L.) With all my heart. This, neighbor Franklin, must be a happy day for you.

Frank. It is ; and yet its brightness is at intervals shadowed by gloomy thoughts.

Wing. Nay, all weakness, man.

Frank. Poor Vernon ! my poor misguided, wretched friend ! I cannot think of him even now without emotion.

Wing. Nor without feeling, I should imagine ; how nobly you have acted towards him by protecting his wife and child.

Frank. It was my duty. I have now but one wish ungratified—and yet, living as it does with vengeance, it is unworthy of my years. Yet could I bring that villain Glaanville to his earthly compt—could I but see the miscreant who, with devilish subtlety, lured the infatuated Vernon to destruction—could I but see him prostrate at the foot of justice—I had then no wish, no hope, ungratified.

Wing. But the forgery, of which Glaanville was guilty, has been made manifest to the whole world.

Frank. Yes ; yet the culprit has hitherto escaped ; whether, indeed, he now exists is a matter of conjecture. Had Vernon's pistol been true, he had long since been numbered with the dead. Even there, however, my wretched friend was foiled, and, though severely wounded by the hand of the assassin, was compelled to seek in a foreign land an asylum safe from the outraged law.

Enter DOGROSE, R.

Dog. (*To FRANKLIN.*) Sir, the guests are all waiting for you—

the servants have been searching for you—Miss Isabella has almost been crying for you—and here I'm come—

Frank. Well, well, I attend you. (*Crosses to R.*) Mind, Wingbird, you are expected.

Wing. I will not fail.

(*Exit FRANKLIN, R.*)

Dog. Be sure, sir, you don't, for I can tell you there'll be rare sport. There's the musicians invited, half the villagers too—and more than that, there is to be a little fete in the servant's hall. You'll be sure, then, not to fail—because, between you and me, the mob of the spectators will not, I am afraid, comprehend the beauty of what I have done; now you are a man of taste, and will take it in a minute—for if there is an annoyance, it is to have done a good thing, and to find no one that understands it.

(*Exeunt severally, R.*)

Enter COPSEWOOD, with basket, L.

Copse. I am a new man—I feel as I have not felt these ten years; I seem to have shaken off the infirmities of time and dissipation, and to have become young and vigorous again. I am to take this wine and brandy to the manor house—aye, and I will—every drop of it—every drop. I haven't staid once to look at my charge—let me see if it be all right. (*Puts down basket and takes bottles out, as if counting them.*) How they sparkle! Ha! (*Holding one up.*) I can see the beads upon it, bright and glistening as the sun. But what's that to me? It's not mine—not mine.

Enter VERNON, L.

Ver. (L.C.) I have it—I have—eh! (*Seeing bottles.*) How now, comrade?

Copse. (R.C.) Well, what are you looking at? It's not mine—not mine—or you should be welcome, heartily welcome. Would you believe it now? I have carried this heavy basket half a mile, and never once stopped to draw a cork.

Ver. Impossible!

Copse. It's a melancholy fact. Ha! how they sparkle. I wonder if all the corks are in tight? (*Trying them.*) Yes—yes.

Ver. Well, comrade, I see you are one of the fine old school, no slinker, whatever it may be. Here—here's a draught for you—it's brandy, real brandy. (*Giving flask.*)

Copse. Brandy! No, I mustn't—I mustn't touch it.

Ver. You won't? Well, then—

Copse. No, no—I won't offend you by refusing—I'll just wet my lips—but I don't want it—(*drunks heartily.*)—I don't want it. (*Drinks again.*) Oh, there's nothing like it? Oh, what a world would this be, if all the rivers were brandy, and the green fields tobacco.

Ver. You say rightly—rightly. But, hallo! friend, you have emptied the flask.

Copse. It can't be! (*Taking flask.*) So I have—that's the only fault I find with my mouth—though I've known it for the last forty years, I can't trust it with a full bottle.

Ver. No matter; now you know it's your turn.

Copse. What, you mean—no, I can't—it's not mine—they are all counted, and the corks are all in so infernally tight.

Ver. And don't you yet know how to empty a bottle without drawing a cork?

Copse. Without drawing a cork? No, that's a trick I should like to see—that trick above all things.

Ver. You shall see it. (*Vernon looks about and picks up a straw.*) Now then—stay, here's a gimlet. (*Bores a hole through cork, through which he puts the straw.*) There now, drink—there's a touch of practical philosophy for you.

Copse. (*Who has drunk.*) Philosophy! I don't know what you call philosophy—but here's liquor, and we'll not part till we've done some business with it. You're a clever fellow—give us your hand—come with me—here we shall be seen; we'll go down yonder lane, and make a hole in the cork of every one of them—what's half a pint out of each of them? Then with the help of a bottle or two from the servants, we'll make a rare night of it. Come along, you're a boy of my own heart. Come. (*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*A Garden with an Apartment opening to it with folding doors, c.*

Enter ISABELLA, ALICIA and FRANKLIN, from L.

Ali. (c.) Do not, my dearest child, misconstrue my motives, whilst I withdraw myself thus early from the festivities that await you. I am not well, and should but cast a shadow o'er your mirth.

Isa. (B.) Nay, dear madam, but for another hour.

Frank. (L.) Do not ask it.

Ali. Bless you, my child, bless you. Return to your friends, whilst I, within my silent chamber, call on heaven to shed around you its choicest blessings—peace and innocence.

(*Music—Isabella kneels to Alicia, she blesses her and exits into chamber, c.*

Enter DOGROSE, L.

Dog. (L.) Come, sir, now the grand affair will commence; all the actors are in readiness, and all they want is an audience; “fit audience find, though few,” as the poet says.

Isa. And pray what's the subject of this goodly sight?

Dog. The subject? No, no, not a word upon that—let the subject, like a snake, untwist itself, then all you have to do is to applaud and wonder. But you are not coming.

Frank. As master of the ceremonies, lead on; we attend with due submission.

(*Exeunt DOGROSE, followed by FRANKLIN and ISABELLA, L.*

Enter COPSEWOOD and VERNON, each carrying a bottle, R.

Copse. (L.C.) I told you we should each get a bottle for our pains—but where to drink it, eh? Here's a pretty spot! Oh, I know where I am; through that chamber leads to the store-room, where I saw them take the wine.

Ver. (R.C.) Well, here's to our better acquaintance, brother.

Copse. Better acquaintance! We'll never leave one another again;—no, no, we are made for bosom friends—how stands your bottle?

Ver. Why, how do you think it should? I have had it twice to my mouth; you wouldn't be so unconscionable as to expect any in it, would you?

Copse. No, for look at mine—I have only taken one draught and a half—and see—see what mischief I've done.

Ver. Well, is no more to be had?

Copse. I can't say—what do you think?

Ver. Suppose you try that room? (*Points off, c.*

Copse. Ah! there would be danger in it—I've had one warning.

Ver. How?

Copse. Ten years ago, I was seized and tried with a gang of burglars—and why? I was drunk, and stolen goods were found upon me—I was innocent, though—innocent as—

Ver. Aye, aye—that of course, but that came of not knowing your company—now, when you are drinking with an honest, trusty friend, like me—

Copse. No, no—I won't—I want strength to—

Ver. Do you? Well, then, here it is! (*Takes out bottle.*

Copse. What! another?

Ver. Aye, 'tis the last though—come, drink, drink, and then for more.

Copse. (Drinks—and after a pause.) No, no—I can't.

Ver. Coward!

Copse. What!

Ver. Behold! I'll venture.

Copse. No, no—if you are detected!

Ver. I am armed.

Copse. But you would not use violence?

Ver. No—except for self-preservation. I know 'tis wrong, but the devil, drunkenness, urges me on. The wine, you say, is to be had through that room—I will have it—stay here and watch.

Copse. Be cautious, then.

Ver. Silence and 'tis ours.

(*Music.* VERNON goes into chamber, c., and COPSEWOOD goes slowly off L. as watching.)

Enter GLANVILLE, R.

Glan. All is discovered! I am in the very house of my oppressor. What's to be done? Those drunkards! Could I but strike Franklin, and fix the deed on them—ah! it shall be so! (*Takes out pistol.*) At the alarm, Franklin will doubtless appear—in the confusion he will prove an easy prey. (*Goes up to c. door and calls out.*) What! house! within there—thieves! thieves!

(ALICIA screams within—VERNON is heard to exclaim, "Ha! betrayed! then, murder, do thy worst!" ALICIA runs from the chamber, wounded, and exclaiming, "Murder! murder!" she is followed by VERNON, holding a dagger. FRANKLIN, ISABELLA and others run in from L. As FRANKLIN appears, GLANVILLE discharges his pistol from R., the ball strikes VERNON, c.)

Glan. Ah, foiled!

Frank. That voice! Glanville!

COPSEWOOD rushing from the crowd, L.

Copse. Glanville! where! ah!—there stands the villain!—die!

(COPSEWOOD stabs GLANVILLE, who falls; he is about to stab himself when he is restrained by Rustics.

Ver. (Who is raised up.) Oh! wretched Vernon.

Omnes. Vernon!

Ali. Vernon! Almighty powers! Vernon! my husband! my—

Ver. Thy husband? (Recognising her.) Alicia—it is, it is. Heaven forgive me—I am thy murderer!

(Falls. ALICIA makes an effort to embrace him as he is falling, when she sinks in FRANKLIN's arms.)

Disposition of Characters.

RUSTIC.

RUSTIC.

RUSTICS, &c.

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